

Halo: Rebirth from the ashes of ruined lives

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Summary: Everyone has a story, where they began, where they've gone and where they are. It is these stories which shape us as the people we are. The story of the one called "noble six" is not a kind one, it is a story of loss... but it is one that needs to be told

Halo: Rebirth from the ashes of ruined lives

Rebirth

It is a dark day, years ago, when fires raged across the massive expanse of a city and the screams of the dying reined supreme through the streets. The air was humid and oppressive, smelling of death, of blood and the corpses of a million innocent lives being ended so abruptly. This scene is not a new one, but one which is being repeated across the entire world, and countless other worlds across the galaxy.

Man and their machines of war find themselves locked in an epic fight for survival against the alien hordes known only as the covenant. Men will die in droves against the alien onslaught, if only to buy a few more precious minutes for the weaker to run and escape their besieged worlds in the hopes of finding peace from this hell.

Not all will escape but one most certainly will. In a dark alley under the oppressive shadows of massive skyscrapers and arcologies, a small boy of no more than ten years of age cowers in fear in the shadows. Too scared to move, too young to fight for his home... too weak to survive on his own. So there he laid, in the dirt and the filth with tears in his eyes and fear in his heart, spirit broken by war. Suddenly he was shaken from his self pity by a roar of challenge, a roar of gruesome intent rises above the cacophony of war.

In shock the boy looks up from his scrubby feet for the first time in hours. There in all of its blood soaked glory it stands, one of the

invaders. At nearly nine feet tall this creature stands, its massive alien muscles clenched in strength as it squeezes the life out of a helpless marine caught in its giant ape-like right hand. Holding him aloft in the air like a child may hold a toy, with little to no concern for it breaking. He remembers, he remembers the fear and the man scratching and clawing at the giant hand holding him aloft by the throat. desperate, fearful... weak. With a resounding snap another life is extinguished, the body drops to the ground in a heap, blood pooling and its neck bent at an odd angle.

The boy lets out a fearful gasp at the sight; as the lifeless eyes of the man stare on in death, right at the boy, as if pleading for him to make his sacrifice worth it. The monster sniffs the air around it, as if it can smell his fear—it can. Amidst the smell of smoke, of death and destruction it can smell HIS fear the most. It looks right at him and it is as if time slowed to a halt. It sees him shrouded in shadows at the end of the long alley, two bright green innocent eyes staring at the corpse, frozen in fear. The alien grins, a look of bloodlust and disgust on its grey skinned, blood coated face.

With one powerfully loud step it begins to approach. To the small boy cowering amongst filth those steps seemed to shake the world around him, or perhaps it is he who is shaking. He decides it does not matter, standing up on two shaking feet the boy stares into the malicious red eyes of the approaching alien. The monster reaches to its side and removes a blade, nearly twenty five inches in length with a wickedly curved serrated edge. The damned weapon was practically a short sword but in the hands of such a giant it is like a toy.

Finally the monster reaches him, wearing a grin full of evil intent it cuts the blade through the air before its self, slowly, hauntingly, fresh red blood dripping down to the dirty earth below from that wicked blade. The boy lets out a pitifully weak and fearful squeak and backs away farther into the alley as the beast begins approaching once more. With a shocked gasp the boy bumps into a wall, the alley ends. No where else to run. In desperation and anger he picks up whatever he can from the ground, bent metal scraps, plastic cups, anything and throws it at the monster. His fear has given way to anger, who are they, too come to his world, who are they? To destroy his home and destroy his life, WHO ARE THEY...? Too kill his family and his friends. The boy thinks, as the tears wash down his dirt covered face.

The beast laughs manically at his weak prey and prepares to offer it a quick death, a rare spout of civility in an otherwise brutish and vicious existence. But a dull aching pain blossoms in its abdomen, and it ceases its lunge to look at its stomach in surprise, only to find a large and jagged piece of metal in place of where its gut used to be with blood and bits of flesh flying loose from its stomach. The beast falls to the ground, shock visible on its large grey face as purple bloods billows out of its mouth.

The boy looks up in surprise only to find a figure in place of the beast, a human figure. With no other option the boy runs to the large green figure, jumping over the now fresh corpse lying at its feet with a single impressive bound and collapses at the feet of the giant man in armour while tears stream down his face as he hugs the armoured legs of the giant man. Crouching down the man pulls the

small boy into his arms and stares down at the boy through an imposing orange visor and says in a deep and masculine voice to the small boy.

"Let's get you out of here."

The boy looks up, expecting to see the face of his saviour as new hope rises in him only to stare up in shock as he only see's his own reflection in the orange visor staring back at him. Pulling himself closer to his new hero he can only offer a weak and quiet 'thank you' to the man before letting sleep claim him in its dark and still embrace, comforting and pleasantly devoid of the horrors of this world. A domain of the boys own control, where death and destruction are but a distant idea on the horizon.

As the boy finally awakens he finds himself lying on a comfortable bed with bright white lights blaring overhead. He panics, he thrashes and he yells in fear of his new surroundings while men in white suits hold him down and yell at him to calm down, to relax. It doesn't work with surprising force his fist collides with a doctor's masked face, causing the man to rear his head back in surprise and pain. Continuing to thrash about the boy is stopped by a large hand lying itself on his small chest and he looks up to see a man staring back down at him. It is a man with scar running down the side of his bearded face. His strong jaw clenched and his lips pressed in a line and his grey world weary eyes stare down at the boy in concern. He speaks.

"My name is Jorge, your safe now. Can you tell me your name?" Jorge asks gently, surprising for such a large and imposing man standing at nearly seven and a half feet tall.

The boy recognizes the voice; it's the voice of the one who saved him, the giant in green armour!

"Gabe..." the boy says quietly, looking to his lap as the doctors move away, talking about something called anesthesia. Looking up to the man standing tall off the side of his bed he barely mutters under his breath the cause of his current pain with tears in his eyes.

"Everyone's deadâ€¦" His eyes feel so heavy all of a sudden, what's happening? He wonders in fright. He looks around the room frantically as a beeping sound buzzes aloud seemingly so very far away, growing in pitch and frequency at a not so steady rate.

"Gabe... Your... be fine son... We're... you somewhere safe." Jorge speaks softly. There putting him to sleep again he surmises, No! With tremendous force of will the boy Fights off the sudden need for sleep and he weakly shakes his head from side to side in a childish manner. But there is no childishness in his voice when he speaks.

"Make me stronger." the boy demands so very seriously and oh so quietly with a dedicated look upon his young face. The man heardâ€¦ Jorge heard those few powerful words spoken by such a small boy and nods solemnly and mutters under his breath the one word which will one day decide the fate of the human race and even the entire galaxy.

"Okay."

End
file.